The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXII NOVEMBER, 1923 No. 6

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"DOWN TO SLEEP"

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep,
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night";
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noons burn up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us "down to sleep."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He does more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

If you want justice all over the world—be just in your little corner of it.—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Philippians, IV, 8.

SAINT PAUL seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him had touched his heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and hopeful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their gentleness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer; and so, he says, the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse. He tells them what to think of, what to value and make of great account, what to practise in their lives. And if they do this, he says, the God of peace will certainly be with them.

"Whatsoever things are *true*." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than now it has. "Truth" with us means the opposite of falsity in speech; but in Scripture it means the opposite of all unreality, all sham, all semblance. Saint Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (that is, from dwelling on what is hollow and empty), "but quicken Thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." In this, as in all else that is valuable, the sacred authority of Revelation

does but emphasize the universal experience of the world.

Well, then, if you would not be utterly disappointed, utterly and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are *real*"—God, the soul, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *honorable*." The Greek word means "noble." It is an exhortation to dignity of thought as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretexts, with the pretence of aims more reputable than those by which they are really influenced. Men and women often deceive even themselves. They act and speak and write ignobly, and persuade themselves that they are actuated by sincere and lofty motives. A high sense of our dignity as redeemed, ennobled beings would render impossible nine tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the whole world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly and degrading. It is the tendency of all sin to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible, the more proud we are.

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with wicked aims and forbidden desires, he ignores the essential dignity of his immortal nature. Let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain.

"No one will ever know;" so argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none ever know it, I shall know it; God will know it; it will lie forever like a spark of fire upon my conscience; the sense of it will humiliate me; the guilt of it will drag down my life.

And "whatsoever things are *just*." Justice is one of the most elementary human duties; aye, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by their appearances; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging one another.

Try to be what so very few are, habitually fair. "Whatsoever things are just, think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *pure*." Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth!

And "whatsoever things are *lovely*"—winning, attractive thoughts that live and are radiant in in the light. If you think of such things, the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all, "the expulsive power of good affections." Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect: the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean. Oh, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!

And "whatsoever things are of *good report*." Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, evil surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble purposes; but tricks, and ingenious lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark. Do not you be content to degrade yourselves into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things! "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others; believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to believe it; never circulate—nor approve of those who do circulate—loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others; always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter." That is thoroughly good advice. Above all, remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

Above all, think, take account of these things! For these things, Saint Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character, the character the eternal being of our souls. The evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loves the thing that is lawful and right, in singleness of heart; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the Presence of the Holy One; who loves all that is beautiful whether in nature or in art; who hates whatever is ignoble, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

What has such a man to fear? The eternal forces are with him!—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

The Brookline Branch (First Parish) will send packages of old Christmas cards to anyone wanting them, while the supply holds out. Apply to Miss Martha W. Suter, 116 Warren Street, Brookline, Mass.

The Brighton Branch offers the following books. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, P. O. address, Brookline 47, Mass.

Life of William McKinley
A Life Sketch of Theodore Roosevelt
Makers of Our Country, by Ellis
Elements of History—Ancient and Modern (1852)
Greenleaf's Arithmetic
A Compendium of Universal Knowledge, by Balch
The Marriage of William Ashe, by Ward
The Fighting Chance, by Chambers
The King's Talisman, by Cobb
The Story of Patsy, by Wiggin
A Young Girl's Wooing, by Roe
College Neighbors, by Perry
Gladys Ramsey, by Douglas
The World's Work, 1922–23
National Geographic Magazine, 1921–22
Good Housekeeping, 1923

For any of the following books, apply to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey:

Will o' the Mill, by Stevenson
Ruth and Her Friends (1862)
The Country House, by Galsworthy
Red Dusk and the Morrow, by Dukes
The Beasts of Tarzan, by Burroughs
Messer Marco Polo, by Byrne
The Romance of the Martin Connor, by Kendall
Yeast, by Kingsley
Mrs. Hope's Husband, by Burgess
Miss Philura's Wedding Gown, by Kingsley
The Little Blind God A-Wheel, by Howard
The Man Who Did the Right Thing, by Johnston
The Pride of Palomar, by Kyne
The Pictures of Polly, by Courtney
Queen of the Air, by Ruskin
Red Meekins, by Fraser
Lilies White and Red, by Huard
Red Coat Captain, by Ollivant
The Far Horizon, by Malet
The Seats of the Mighty, by Parker
The Tattooed Arm, by Ostrander
Bring Me His Ears, by Mulford
Jan Vedder's Wife, by Barr
Gunsight Pass, by Raine
For the White Rose of Arno, by Rhoscomyl
Then Came Molly, by Ogden
The New Warden, by Ritchie
Joseph Greer—His Daughter, by Webster
Rough Hewn, by Canfield
A Modern Chronicle, by Churchill
Many Marriages, by Anderson
Raider by Land, by Crockett
The Streets of Ascalon, by Chambers
The Pangerman Plot Unmasked, by Cheradame

Squire Phin, by Day
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice, by Besant
I am the King, by Stevens
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, by Smith
Christopher and Columbus, by the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden
A Mountain Europa, by Fox
The Prince of India (2 vols.), by Wallace
The Heavenly Twins, by Grand
The White Morning, by Atherton
Valentino, by Astor
Adrian Scroop, by Wood-Seys
Cherry, by Tarkington
The Wind Bloweth, by Byrne
Moon Calf, by Dell
The Mercy of Allah, by Belloc
Ivanhoe, by Scott
Guenn, by Howard
When Valmond Came to Pontiac, by Parker
A Comedy of Conscience, by Mitchell
The Gentle Pioneers, by Barnwell
The Watsons, by Austen
That's Me All Over Mable, by Streeter
Dere Bill, by Summers
Heidi, by Spyri
The Coast of Eden, by Duffers
Rosa Mundi, by Dell
Peter Ibbetson, by Du Maurier
The Boss, by Lewis
The Red House Mystery, by Milne
Lilla, by Lowndes
The Lonely House, by Lowndes
Nathan Burke, by Watts
The Amateur Gentleman, by Farnol
The Last of the Plains Men, by Grey
On Vengeance Height, by Davis
Story of an African Farm, by Schreiner
Summer at Vallombrosa, by Johnson
Rob Roy, by Scott
Adam Bede, by Eliot
Circumstance, by Mitchell
The Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith
Lad's Love, by Crockett
The Bracelet (paper cover), by Stulro
An Unequal Match, by Taylor
The Hanging of the Crane, by Longfellow
A Child's Garden of Verses, by Stevenson
Canterbury Tales, by Chaucer
Studies in the Poetry of Italy, by Miller-Kuhns
Table Talk and Other Poems, by Cowper
Three Years with the Poets, by Hazard
Poetry of the Fields
England's Story, by Tappan
A Mexican Journey, by Blechfelt
History of Modern Architecture, by Fergusson
Life in Paris, by Houssaye
The Life of Isabella Bird, by Stoddart
New Italy, by Zimmern and Agresti
Health Tracts, by Hall
Foods That Will Win the War (cook-book)
A B C of Cooking
Keeping Physically Fit, by Cromie
A Fleshless Diet, by Buttner
Eating to Live Long, by Porter
Formation of Christian Character, by Ware
We Are Here—Why? by Moody
The Greatest Thing in the World, by Drummond
Accepting the Universe, by Burroughs
Morality and the Perfect Life, by James
Worrying Won't Win, by Glass
Essays on Men and Manners, by Shenstone
Reminiscences of W. E. Channing, by Peabody
The Oriental Christ, by Mozoomdar
Daily Praise and Prayer (2 copies)
The Life Mask
Gifts and Givers, by Graham
The Song of the Dragon, by Foote
The Soul of a Child, by Bjorkman
The Gentle Reader, by Crothers
By the Christmas Fire, by Crothers
Essays of Abraham Cowley
The Education of a Daughter, by Fenélon
The Knack of It, by Loomis
John Stuyvesant, Ancestor and Other People, by Johnson
An Attic Philosopher, by Souvestre
To Tell You the Truth, by Merrick
How to Live, by Fisher and Fiske
Modern British Essayists, by Mackintosh
Walter Greaves, by Brinton
Anti-Matrimony, by MacKaye
Robert Macaire (2 copies), by Selby
Morningside Plays, by Clark
Midsummer Night's Dream, by Shakespeare
Cavalleria Rusticana, by Verge
The Piper, by Peabody
Words—Their Spelling, Pronunciation, Definition, and Application, by Sorelle and Kitt
Practice in Parsing and Analysis, by Arnold
Oral and Written English, by Gillet
A Complete Spelling Book, by Gilbert
Definitions in English Grammar, by Mattison
New Geographies, First and Second Books, by Tarr & McMurray
A History of the United States, by Barnes
Grammar of the English Language, by Corbett

The truth which in our calm and sober hours we have accepted, we ought not to let go because in hours of trial and darkness we cannot see it. Cling to it still, and you will see it again by and by.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

It must ever be borne in mind that the Government and its policy in this country is just what we, the people, make it.—*Peter Cooper.*

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Henry and Mrs. F. C. Nelson, Critz, Va., Box 54, Route 1, ask for quilt-scraps and reading, also cards.

2. Mrs. James M. Starling, Chilhowie, Va., Box 80, Route 2, the mother of five small children, would like pictures and a Bible.

3. *Good Housekeeping*, or *Woman's Home Companion* will be gratefully received by Mrs. Grace Satterfield, Shamrock, Texas.

4. Mrs. Mae Wyatt, Beaver Creek, N. C., Box 4, will be glad of magazines; she has two boys and one girl, ages not given.

5. Mrs. James Martin, Marshville, N. C., Route 5, will be glad of reading and quilt-scraps.

6. *Ladies' Home Journal* and scraps are asked for by Mrs. Ruby M. Cornwell, Malakoff, Texas, Route 3, Box 66.

7. Mrs. W. O. Wright, Calhoun, Tenn., Route 41, has a little girl of 8 and a boy of 5. She will appreciate a book for herself and pictures for the children. She, too, would like quilt-scraps.

8. Mrs. F. W. Law, Stuart, Va., mother of six small children, in poor health, living on a farm and alone much of the time, will be grateful for cards for the children and cotton pieces.

9. New or old copies of *Good Housekeeping* will be appreciated by Miss Minnie E. Turner, Dodson, Va.

10. It has been a long time since I wrote you last, but the Exchange did so much for me that I feel that you are all friends. I shall always owe the *Cheerful Letter* workers a big debt of gratitude, and wish I might pay it in some more substantial way than in words, but six children to rear and educate make it impossible at present.

Now I have started a Reading Club, and we fail to find copies of some of the books suggested on the Reading Lists sent out by the Home Education Department at Washington. Of course, my thoughts turn at once to you. Would anyone loan or give any of the following?

The Federalist, by Hamilton
The Four Million, by Henry
The Grandissimes, by Cable
Tom Sawyer, by Twain
The Marble Faun, by Hawthorne
A Modern Instance, by Howells
Montcalm and Wolfe, by Parkman
My Summer in a Garden, by Warner
The Reign of Law, by Allen
Two Years Before the Mast, by Dana
Walden, by Thoreau
What Can Literature Do for Me?
Great Books as Life Teachers
Literature and Life
Aims of Literary Study
The World's Literature and Its Place in General Culture
The Arabian Nights
A Modern Instance, by Howells
Clarissa Harlowe, by Richardson
Guy Mannering, by Scott
Joseph Vance, by De Morgan
Kidnapped, by Stevenson
The Luck of Roaring Camp, by Harte
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, by Meredith
Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe
The Cloister and the Hearth, by Reade
The Last of the Mohicans, by Cooper
The Pilot, by Cooper
The Three Musketeers, by Dumas
Père Goriot, by Balzac
Anna Karenina, by Tolstoi
With Fire and Sword, by Sienkiewicz
Treasure Island, by Stevenson

The Iliad, Odyssey, Aeneid, Nibelungenlied, Divine Comedy, Plays of Molière, Paradise Lost, Faust, Prometheus Bound.

The great literary Bibles are also requested (in translation, of course).

One man is taking a course on machine-shop work and iron and steel. I feel that it is doubtful about obtaining those books except as he buys them; but if we could find part of them for him it would help a good deal. We hope to be able to buy some books later, but probably cannot buy many.

It is so good of you to help me and I shall endeavor to "pass it on." (Mrs.) H. C. Sanborn, Fairview Farm, East Thetford, Vt.

11. I am a girl of 17, and live on a farm. I finished country school this last year. It is awful lonesome out here and I would certainly enjoy reading some magazines and books. I will pass them on where I think they will do the most good. Any magazine that would help in Christian Endeavor work would be appreciated. Ruby Pruett, Denton, Texas, Route 3.

12. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* ladies who have sent me the nice magazines. I would be real glad if someone would send me a Bible with large print and I would also appreciate scraps for making quilts, or anything of that sort. Pattie L. Turner, Dodson, Va., Box 10.

13. I would like very much to have good reading or quilt-scraps. We have a nice Sunday

School, which I enjoy. (Mrs.) Will Witt, Bassett, Va., Box 56.

14. I am a widow. Have three little boys, ages 7, 5, and 1 year old. I want to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for my scraps and cards, and if I am not asking for too much I would appreciate some Christmas cards and books for my fatherless boys. Hope I haven't asked for too much. (Mrs.) Kittie L. Turner, Stuart, Va., Route 5.

15. I am the mother of four children, boys 12, 9, and 6, and a little girl, 3 years old, crippled with infantile paralysis. We live six miles from town, and will appreciate anything anyone may send me. My little girl cannot walk and have the pleasure of other children. She likes to look at pictures and play with toys. I like good stories to read to the children. (Mrs.) Flora Foley, Stuart, Patrick Co., Va., Route 5.

16. *Short Story Magazine* is asked for by Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio; also silk pieces.

17. A Bible is asked for by Mrs. E. F. Colson, 152 No. Dudley Street, Greensboro, N. C.

18. Miss Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Maine, wishes the friends to know how grateful she was for the seeds sent her last spring, and how beautiful her garden was, enabling her to sell many bunches. She will be very glad if someone would send her a few tulip bulbs. She adds, "I think being out in the air among my flowers has done me much good, and gave me each day something to think of. How grateful I am to all who made it possible for me to have the flowers! I could not, if seed had not been sent me."

A COMMON TROUBLE AND HOW TO TREAT IT

Children—and sometimes grown people too—often suffer from ingrowing toenails. The soft flesh at the side of a great toe, for example, gets pressed tight against the invisible edge of the nail; the nail itself seems to make too much growth sidewise, under the flesh, instead of forward, where it can be kept in order by cutting.

A recent number of the *Youth's Companion* gives a doctor's directions for treating such a case. He says that the trouble is often caused by cutting the toenail too close *at the side*—that is, by shaping the end of the nail in too much of a downward curve, whereas, it ought to be cut almost straight across, like ——.

Nails, like our hair, are encouraged to grow by each cutting they get, and if too much cutting is done at the side, Nature goes to work with special energy to build new nail-tissue at that particular point, instead of working evenly.

The *Youth's Companion* writer continues: "The trouble may come also from neglect of the feet; the flesh of the toe may become sodden and swollen and ride up over the side of the nail; the irritation so produced presently causes ulceration. That is usually the cause of the ingrown toenail sometimes seen in bedridden and paralytic cases.

"The first indication of trouble is pain and soreness at the side of the toe. The seat of the pain, when the toe is compressed, is in the nail furrow. Inspection of the nail may show that it has been cut too close and rounded. A look at the shoe will probably show it to be narrow-toed and perhaps also high-heeled. These are the two things most favorable for producing the distressing condition. If treatment is begun at once, relief may speedily be obtained, but, if it is neglected, the consequences may be serious. Continued pressure at the side of the nail will keep the wound from closing, and it will almost inevitably become inflamed; proud flesh will form, and the final result may be blood poisoning.

"One should soak the foot in a weak antiseptic solution such as that of boric acid. [There are many simple disinfectants which mothers of families keep in the house; only notice that it should be a weak solution that is used in this case.] Then, after careful drying, gently push a thin wisp of absorbent cotton or gauze under the edge of the nail at the sore side, thus lifting it a trifle out of the inflamed tissue and relieving the pressure of its sharp edge."

When the bell rang the other day little Johnnie went to the door. Soon he returned alone. "Who was it?" asked the mother. "Oh, it was just a man looking for the wrong place," was the reply.—*Boys' Life.*

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok*
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung
And over the waves its warning rung.

* Pronounced, *Ab' er-bro-thok*.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell,
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green.
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle—it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered—the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles arose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok!"

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high.
The wind hath blown a gale all day—
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can'st hear" said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell.
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound. The swell is strong.
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:—
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knew knell.

—*Robert Southey.*

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry Angier Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

I

THANKSGIVING FOUNDERS

(1) 29-34-21-22-23-3-36-27-8-25-15-28-30
(2) 4-6-2-10 24-20-11-18
(3) 7-5-33-9-35-31
(4) 13-16-12-17-14
(5) 1-26-32-19

(1) Schools for little children.
(2) Raisin pudding.
(3) Bestowing.
(4) Worthless matter.
(5) A central state.

When you have written the letters of the defined words in the places of the numbers, begin at letter numbered 1 and proceed in order to 36, and obtain an historical event that occurred in November.—*American Boy.*

II

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

In cabin, but not in tent.
In hot, but not in ice.
In near, but not in far.
In south, but not in north.
In stamp, but not in frank.
In war, but not in ship.
In American, but not in book.
In month, but not in year.
In light, but not in dark.
In night, but not in day.
In two, but not in three.
In pea, but not in corn.
In love, but not in hate.
In Easter, but not in Christmas.
My whole is a city in Europe.

Answers to puzzles in the October Number

I. Mixed Word Square: 1. Open. 2. Pore. 3. Erie. 4. Need.

II. Enigma: Louisa May Alcott.

III. Three Anagrams: 1. Commensurate. 2. Coincides. 3. Articulates.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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